

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 20 No. 31

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, February 20, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

## Lam Cards.

**RICHARDSON & TIPTON,**  
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
Prompt and careful attention  
given to all business placed in  
their hands.

**H. S. RUCKER,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary  
Public  
HUNTERVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of  
Pocahontas county and in the Su-  
preme Court of Appeals.

**H. L. VAN SICALE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Practices in Greenbrier and ad-  
joining counties.

**F. RAYMOND HILL,**  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary  
Public,  
ACADEMY, W. VA.

Will practice in all the courts of  
Pocahontas and adjoining counties  
and Supreme Court of Appeals.

**N. C. MCNEIL,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of  
Pocahontas and adjoining counties  
and in the Court of Appeals of the  
State of West Virginia.

**ANDREW PRICE,**  
Attorney,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining  
counties. Prompt and careful  
attention given to all legal work.

**H. M. LOCKRIDGE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
HUNTERVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention  
given to all legal work.

**JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of  
Greenbrier and adjoining counties  
and in the Court of Appeals of the  
State of West Virginia.

**J. W. YEAGER,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to col-  
lections.

**T. S. MCNEEL,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of  
Pocahontas and adjoining counties

**L. M. MCCLINTIC,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of  
Pocahontas and adjoining counties  
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-  
peals.

**W. A. BRATTON,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention  
given to all legal business.

## Physicians' Cards.

**J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the  
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-  
swered promptly.

**L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.,**  
Physician and surgeon,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered.  
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist,  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

**DR. M. STOUT,**  
DENTIST,  
Has located and is ready for  
business in the Bank of Marlinton  
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

**HENRY A. SLAVEN,**  
Practical Land Surveyor,  
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.  
Work in Pocahontas County soli-  
cited.

## IN RECONSTRUCTION TIME

With Church and State Government. This  
Article follows the Series, "On to  
Grafton," and is the Second  
Paper under this Head.

A Commissioner from Lexington Pres-  
bytery Strengthened Among the  
Brethren of the General Assembly  
at Little Rock, Ark., in 1873.

Let it far from me to write any-  
thing capriciously or peevishly about  
any policy deemed wise and best  
by brethren as earnest and con-  
scientious as I can justly claim to  
be and possibly far more so in  
practice than I have been, yet I  
must say that to me it has been  
something rather bitter that ef-  
forts made by an obscure member  
of our assembly to have a grievous  
evil palliated should be ignored  
as they have been. The censor-  
ship of the press, recommended  
by the moderator of the Little  
Rock Assembly in 1873 was so ef-  
fective that not even a hint appear-  
ed in the papers of that city con-  
cerning the preamble and resolu-  
tions that had been presented. So  
far as I am advised there was not  
a syllable published in the relig-  
ious papers, North or South, con-  
cerning the affair. With magnani-  
mous courtesy, which I shall al-  
ways appreciate, the Christian Ob-  
server, at Louisville, Ky., one of  
whose Editors was present when  
the paper in question was present-  
ed, published a communication  
written soon after the adjournment  
of the Assembly, from which this  
extract is given: "I know of one,  
at least, who ventured the opinion  
as far back as 1860 in a presby-  
terian sermon that our presbyteri-  
anism would flourish better in  
Southern sunshine than in North-  
ern shade, and though he received  
a rebuke for his pains, he is still of  
the same opinion, if not more so.  
Let us have peace but not orgi-  
sm union, for our Little Southern  
church is all that we can call our  
own, and is the only place where  
we can feel at home and is about  
all that is left to us by the storm  
that has not yet ceased to rage  
about our ears. Some of us would  
like to see five good men of the  
South and five good men of the  
North set apart by their Assem-  
blies respectively for the speci-  
fic work of considering all questions  
that may arise with reference to  
our ecclesiastical relations, and un-  
impeded by any special investigation.  
In the meanwhile we would like  
to see everybody else provoking  
one another to love and good  
works and so fulfil the law of  
Christ. We would like to see the  
papers filled with editorials and  
communications as to the best  
means to save souls and uphold  
the cause of Christ amid the sub-  
lime and terrible emergencies now  
upon us. When the committees  
are ready to report we would like  
to see in full what is calmly and  
judiciously written on both sides,  
and then after some time spent in  
study and prayer, decide as to the  
issue. If this be treason to the  
interests of the Southern or North  
church, let the most be made of it."

While this extract does not  
give the information that a move  
had been made in the direction  
indicated, yet it enabled the read-  
ers of the Observer to learn  
something of the Spirit may have  
prompted such an effort. I had  
to undergo interview after inter-  
view, interrogated and cross-in-  
terrogated, almost literally by  
day and by night by parties who  
wished to probe the true inward-  
ness of the movement. From the  
way I was interviewed and cross-  
examined by persons whose  
names not mentioned here though  
familiar as household words to all  
well read up in the published pro-  
ceedings, I was painfully impress-  
ed with the idea that it was con-  
templated to have me excluded  
from my place upon the floor of  
the assembly. That this was not  
attempted I shall always feel that  
I am under special obligations to  
the Rev Dr William Brown, so  
long the renowned and able sta-  
ted clerk of the Assembly, and  
who is mentioned in a noted Cen-  
tennial Poem as the "Judicious  
Hooker of the Southern Church,"  
and to the Rev Dr Richard Mc-  
Lain, the co-ordinate Secretary  
of the Assembly's Home Missions  
and who is now making himself  
an enduring and honorable reputa-  
tion as a conspicuous member of  
the Virginia Constitutional Con-  
vention in session at Richmond.  
Dr Brown seems to have taken  
pains to have the hot spur exte-  
rists know there was nothing but  
what they all saw and heard—the  
blunderings of an earnest and hon-  
est, but mistaken ministerial  
brother whom Lexington Presby-  
tery ought to have kept at home.  
The paper was the work of one  
who tried to be instant in season  
and out of season, and sometimes,  
as in this case, he was very much  
out of season. Such was Rev Dr  
Brown's verdict, facetiously re-  
ndered upon telling by way of illu-  
stration an anecdote in point culled  
from Hardshell Baptist pulpit lore.  
Dr Brown's position was earnestly  
and ably supported by Dr Mc-  
Lain, who never does any-  
thing by half way. He claimed to  
know me as well as it was possi-  
ble for one person to know another,

and asserted that my interview  
with the reporter, which he had  
been invited to witness, "was  
simply beautiful."

Rev Dr Joseph Wilson, so dis-  
tinguished for his long and effi-  
cient services as Permanent Clerk,  
facetiously remarked that Dr  
Brown of Resolutions reminded  
him of the Irish orator who re-  
marked of himself that somehow  
he could never open his mouth  
without putting his foot in it. For  
it all pass, the good brother is still  
guiltless and will appear in the  
Assembly Nevermore, as quills  
the Raven.

Several satirical pleasantries  
were perpetrated by other minis-  
terial brethren, but as they have  
since departed to be with Him,  
who said he came not to destroy  
the law or the prophets, but to ful-  
fill and preached the Sermon on  
the Mount, and spoke as man per-  
fect spoke when He venerated the  
Golden Rule, their pleasantries  
reverently omitted here and their  
memories I would embalm with  
memorial tears and good words.

In a few days the misty clouds  
away and I was made aware of  
the fact when the Moderator very  
pleasantly approached and re-  
quested me to take charge of the  
usual devotional services at the  
opening of the Assembly one mor-  
ning just before the final adjourn-  
ment. Meeting "Bill Arr" Smith  
a moment afterwards, I asked his  
permission to call on him to lead  
in prayer during the exercises. I  
claimed him as one of my syna-  
gists as I had been informed. He  
declined with respectful regers,  
as a previous engagement for  
some committee work would pre-  
vent his attendance so early in  
the day. I then turned to my col-  
league and traveling companion,  
Ruling Elder J. W. Calhoun, and  
he readily consented. The minis-  
ter who led in prayer at my re-  
quest was the Rev Dr Patton who  
had endeared himself to me while  
matters were at their hottest, by  
introducing himself and express-  
ing his admiration for the senti-  
ments of the paper and the moral  
courage required to prepare and  
present such resolutions, and he  
manifested regret that I had not  
protested the action of the Assem-  
bly. His was a prayer such as  
the pure hearted and gifted Dr.  
Patton could pray, and it was like  
balm to one listener at least.

In a few days afterward the As-  
sembly of 1873 finally adjourned  
and as I have never been return-  
ed since to any Assembly it seems  
to me that this was a final adjourn-  
ment with emphatic significance.  
On the morning after the adjourn-  
ment while most of the members  
were at the Little Rock station  
waiting to entrain for their homes  
Rev Dr Brown turned to me and  
kindly inquired how I felt after  
my escapade: "Well, doctor, I  
feel like an aged 'mill boy' near  
Deerfield, Virginia, says he felt on  
one occasion. One morning as he  
was riding to mill, seated on his  
grist, a forked tree fell and strik-  
ing his horse fore and aft killed it  
in his tracks while the rider was  
not touched or hurt in the least,  
merely frightened. In speaking  
of the occurrence he would say  
with apparent emotion that it was  
the "Lord's mercy and a thousand  
pities that he wasn't killed him-  
self."

Upon returning home the time  
came for me to report as a com-  
missioner. I made no allusion  
to what I had attempted. The mat-  
ter seemed to have been so virtu-  
ally ignored that it was virtu-  
ally nil and was neither here nor  
there from my point of view. I  
reported my diligence in attend-  
ing all the sessions and voting on  
all the subjects under considera-  
tion, and the report was approved.  
It also intimated my gratitude to  
Presbytery for the honor bestowed  
but I had been so fully satisfied  
with my assembly experience I  
felt no special desire ever to have  
the honor thrust upon me again.  
Some how or other it came  
about that there were brethren  
not fully satisfied at the easy man-  
ner in which I was let off by the  
presbytery. How it could be, is  
only a matter of conjecture. At  
all events the same brother who  
nominally was seemed to have felt  
it his duty to feel the pulse of the  
Presbytery with a view to formulat-  
ing a resolution of disapproval,  
but it was never presented. Rev  
Robert C. Walker, Dr John L.  
Kirkpatrick, and I am under the  
impression, Dr James Murray,  
had nice apologetic words to say  
in my behalf, and it came to be  
understood that such a resolution  
would not carry.

Hiram Crank, near Utica, New  
York, has the distinction of being  
the only surviving veteran of the  
war of 1812. His 103rd birth day  
occurs April 9, 1902. He enlisted  
at the age of 14 years and reported  
to Capt. Davis in command of  
Sackett's Harbor. He was in sev-  
eral skirmishes with the British.  
Heretofore his pension has been  
\$8 per month. Last week the  
Pension Committee favorably re-  
ported a bill granting a pension of  
\$25 per month.

The Highland Recorder men-  
tions the fact that numbers of cat-  
tles were so terrified by the noise  
made by tramping the sleigh  
ground as to stampede to the  
mountains regardless of all efforts  
to quiet them.

## A WALK DOWN SOUTH

Raymond S. Spence, a Correspondent of the  
Forest and Stream, is Walking  
from New York State to  
the South.

In the following Article he Tells of  
His Day at John Bogan's on Jack-  
son River, and Compares the South  
with the Northern Farmer.

John Bogan welcomed me, so  
did his wife, and his eight or nine  
year old daughter climbed into  
my lap before the fire-place. Sup-  
per was soon ready and we ate  
liver pudding, fresh pork, two ap-  
ples, peaches, three of apples,  
cherries, jelly and berries, besides  
coffee and bread. Then we  
went into the sitting-room and  
gathered before the fire-place. My  
maps, with violet lines across them  
from the far Adirondacks, clear  
down to their own mountain, ex-  
cited their interest. I was the fun-  
niest fellow that had ever happen-  
ed that way. Soon Warwick,  
a brother of John, came in. A banjo  
was on the bed in the sitting-room.  
He picked it up and tuned it.

Then I went to my pack and  
took from it a harmonica (mouth  
organ) or as the Virginians called  
it, a "French harp." It was a  
good one. I offered it to them of  
course, and Warwick played a  
song—a slow mournful kind of a  
tune—to which Miss May Ginter  
hummed an accompaniment. The  
only ones, in fact, with whom it  
I took it and cut loose with a jig,  
that stirred the banjo in mighty  
style.

Marking time with his foot,  
John began an equally lively piece  
followed by another and a third.  
The tunes at first to my ears were  
drowned in the melody. The  
pieces all sounded alike; that is,  
even in the changes and time. Al-  
ter a bit I could trace the thread  
of the tune up and down and a-  
round and about. The effect was  
that of a stream flowing down a  
valley hidden now by high banks,  
and again by woodlands. Pretty  
soon Bogan said,

"I went up on the mounting,"  
"I beg pardon?" I said, not  
catching the words understand-  
ingly.

"He's singing," said Miss Gin-  
ger.

The banjo kept on moving.  
"To give my horn a blow."  
Warwick rolled a cigarette and  
Miss Ginter frustrated the light-  
ing of it, the banjo still moving.

"I heard them hounds a com-  
ing—  
A-come very slow."

After the line of music came the  
chorus unbroken:  
"Here lies a po' gal,  
Here lies Elizer Jane;  
Here lies a po' gal,  
Who died upon the train."

Warwick and Miss Ginter paus-  
ed to join in the chorus with low  
voices. Then they resumed the  
difficult, resulting from the demol-  
ished stage, while John thrummed  
steadily on, singing:

"I went down the river,  
A-stripping sugar cane;  
Every shock Ah picked up  
Ah called on Liza Jane."

"I went out on the mounting—  
I went out on the train—  
I went out on the mounting—  
To see poor Liza Jane."

Ah asked if she loved me,  
She said she loved me some,  
She throwed her arms around  
me.

Like grape vine round a gum  
Chorus:  
"Railroad, plank road, Tennessee  
canal."

Hadn't been for Liza Jane, there'd  
never been no hell."  
"When I was in the army,  
Six horses was my team,  
Drawed my check, cracked my  
whip—  
G'lang Liza Jane."

Bogan is a professional hunter.  
He kills deer for market. At 12  
cents a pound he makes a com-  
fortable living selling venison. He  
hunts six days a week, just as any  
other man follows a business. His  
farm has a 100-foot thick vein of  
iron ore on it. Capitalists negoti-  
ated for 2,200 acres of land suppos-  
ing this vein was on it. Finding  
that Bogan owned it, they tried to  
buy the land at good farm prices.  
They offered as much as \$2,000  
for the place, a staggering price  
when one does not consider the  
100-foot iron ore vein. But Bogan  
considers the iron.

After two hours music, song  
and talk, we went to bed. I to the  
sitting room bed, they to the bed  
room. The couch of the little  
girl, long since asleep, was drawn  
up before the fireplace. For an-  
other hour I watched the red fire  
light flicker around the room. It  
died slowly away, till at last only  
a red glow was to be seen, broken  
from time to time by sharp crack  
a sigh or whistle, as the heat found  
new fuel to flare over. It was like  
the nights I passed in a tent way  
back in Pennsylvania. I chuckled  
when I recalled the fashion in  
which I was treated at the Penn-  
sylvania camp by the hunters there  
and by the Virginia hunter.

People in Pennsylvania who  
were willing that I should sleep  
in barns, gasped when I told them  
I was coming down into West  
Virginia and along the Alleghany  
Mountains.  
"Why," they said, "you will be

murdered down there. They will  
shoot you for your pack. They're  
desperate people. Aren't you  
afraid?"

I rolled over on the soft bed,  
threw down the top blanket be-  
cause it was too warm, and went  
peacefully to sleep. The situation  
was suggestive of a song I found  
to be a favorite down this way:  
"Oh, you talk about your rough  
coons,  
I'm one of them mosef;  
With a piglet in me pocket  
And a fazzah in mah vest'.  
I'll shoot you and I'll cut yo',  
And stab you to the heart,  
And drink down your blood like  
wine."

This is sung in fierce tones.  
Then, sweetly with a soft appeal  
in every word:  
"The hambone am sweet  
And the bacon am good,  
Am mighty, mighty fine;  
But gimme, oh, gimme,  
I really wish you would,  
That melon a-smiling on the  
vine."

I don't think any one will blame  
me for saying that I like the West  
Virginia and Virginia mountain-  
eer better than the Pennsylvania  
and New York farmer. I have  
not forgotten Mr Johnson or Mr  
Williams or any of the others who  
treated me like a son, nor have I  
failed to consider that I have had  
to pass on to the next house on  
several occasions before I could  
get a place to sleep since I got in-  
to the mountains—like Up-  
per Tract, W. Va., for instance. The  
only ones, in fact, with whom it  
has been difficult to get a meal  
and a place to sleep so far have  
been the prosperous farmers and  
store keepers.

All day Sunday I stayed at Po-  
gan's. There were many visitors.  
Most of them relatives. Some of  
them refused to let me take their  
pictures because it was Sunday.  
Some of these came around on  
Monday morning and I took their  
pictures then.

Miss Ginter and Mrs Bogan  
(sisters) sang some religious songs.  
Their voices were clear and high  
pitched, but less musical than the  
faces were pleasing. When I asked  
for the words of the songs I was  
given in monotone. I was told  
that "in the morning" I could  
get the tunes "because he couldn't  
repeat the tunes without fingering  
the banjo." They were German  
Baptists or Dunkards.

So many visitors were present  
at one time that the chairs would  
not go round. The wives sat on  
the beds, the men on the floor.  
A general air of ease kept blaz-  
ing in the fire place. The d'g  
irons were kept piled with wood—  
oak from 2 to 6 inches in diameter.  
The back log being burned thro'  
another was brought in. It was 3  
feet long and over 20 inches in  
diameter. To bring a blaze of  
fire from the wood saw the wood  
into the coals from which the blaze  
climbed into the logs and stuck  
its many heads out of the crevices  
caused by the criss-cross way of  
piling it on.

A more peaceable community  
it'll be hard for you to find." I  
was told. It certainly seemed so.

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG.

The following announcement  
was received by the Scientific  
American with the information  
that the Poulton Herald would be  
obliged to discontinue. The note  
read as follows: "In loving mem-  
ory of the Poulton Herald. Born  
October 19, 1895, died January 5,  
1902. The Good Die Young."

The clanking press,  
The ticking type  
Are still as still can be.  
Our shooting stick  
Hangs with our harp  
Upon the willow tree."

There is a large estate in town  
which has been left by the death  
of its owner in peculiar circum-  
stances, and it is now puzzling  
the local legal lights to know who  
takes charge during the three  
months, that elapses before the  
estate can be committed to the  
sheriff.

STORY OF A BEDBUG.

A bedbug that was relentlessly  
being pursued by a busy house-  
wife, at length managed to escape  
to the front yard, and was fig-  
uring where he would go next when  
he saw another bedbug sitting on  
the window sill of a neighboring  
house beckoning him to come o-  
ver. "Come over and bunk with  
me," said the second bug in a hos-  
pitable manner. "You'll find this  
a good place to stay." "Is there  
any woman of the house over  
there?" asked the first bug cau-  
tiously. "Oh, yes, there is a lady  
of the house over here, but you  
need not worry about her; she is  
busy preparing a paper on the sub-  
ject of 'How to Care for the  
Home and Save the Boys,' to be  
read at a church entertainment,  
for the benefit of the preacher."

And right here the two formed a  
partnership that lasted undisturb-  
ed till they both died of old age.  
Exchange.

## UNDER FIRE

A War Time Experience of a Boarding School  
Teacher in a Bombarded Town.

The Journey from Lower Virginia to  
the Mountains by "Packet." The  
Capture of Lexington by Federal  
Troops. The Inconvenience of be-  
ing "Cut Off."

In the fall of 1863 I found my-  
self journeying toward the moun-  
tains enclosing the great Valley of  
Virginia. I had never seen any  
mountains in my life, except a  
dim hazy line like clouds, but that  
it was always there, from a north-  
eastern corner of New York State  
This uneven line, as my informa-  
tion ran, was the chain of the  
Green Mountains of Vermont. In  
pursuance to duties as a teacher  
I was called to Lexington, Virgin-  
ia, and thither I went, contrary  
to the best judgment of my friends,  
for the Civil War was at its height  
danger was rife, and I might be  
cut off from home which thing did  
actually occur to me. The route  
of my journey was new to me in  
the extreme. I had traveled con-  
siderably, but never by canal boat  
or packet, as was the Richmond  
term. Were you ever on a canal  
boat? For straitness of space and  
economy of every square inch of  
it, and for slowness of progress  
this mode of traveling must take  
the prize. But I did not need a  
great deal of room and having time  
to spare, I rather liked the delib-  
erate advance, for it gave me oppor-  
tunity to see and admire the won-  
derful beauties of an upper country  
clad in varied, gorgeous hues of  
October; sometimes we fairly  
grazed the base of high sloping  
mountains with their trees, shrubs  
flowers and trickling streams. Vir-  
ginal peculiar was the sensation of  
entering the locks and being gradu-  
ally raised in the "packet" until  
the water level was reached and  
then floating out smoothly into  
the channel again. The deepest  
lock we passed exceeded 20 feet  
by a good deal. The passengers  
were not a uniform set—all sorts  
and conditions were there: the  
one I most noticed was a patient  
soldier, probably wounded, who  
lay all day on the sofa, his face  
covered with a tan "kerchief," and  
forever humming the then popu-  
lar air of "Lorena." It seemed to  
give him comfort: a tiresome com-  
fort, but no one evinced the least  
annoyance. I do not know that  
unusual patience outlived the war,  
but certainly during the war peo-  
ple put up with everything in the  
quietest manner.

Arrived at Lexington without  
shipwreck or notable event be-  
yond losing all my baggage which  
fortunately was recovered I un-  
derstood upon my work in a  
young ladies Seminary and con-  
tinued to the close of the session  
in the next year. The game of  
war played on—as an Italian doc-  
tor observed to me: "War was an  
expensive amusement." The  
moves were many for both sides,  
but until the summer of '64 did  
not materially affect us at Lexing-  
ton. Gen. Hunter's raid took us,  
however, on its way, as I remem-  
ber, in July. I know it was for 30  
in July before I again saw the  
faces of my kindred. Having some  
military force and considerable  
provision stored, Lexington re-  
fused to surrender. Early in the  
morning of a summer day the ter-  
rible shells came booming across  
the North River right into the  
town. This was very alarming  
and threatening to houses and to  
life. I shall never forget the sharp  
hissing sound of those shells in  
the upper air as they went over  
the Academy. At intervals thro'  
the day the shelling was kept up  
and some houses were injured,  
but no one was hurt so far as I  
heard. I think a few persons suf-  
fered many deaths by fear and  
imagination. It is not pleasant to  
be "under fire," I suppose the re-  
sistance at Lexington was some-  
thing of a faint and lorn show of  
fight. Early in the day, being on  
the street, I noticed a peculiar  
rain, not of "pitchforks," but of  
numberless hams of bacon pour-  
ing from a window of an indiffer-  
ent looking house opposite the  
Presbyterian church. This house  
must have been chock full of pro-  
visions for the army, but now lay  
everywhere on walk and street  
was free to any who would stop  
and pick it up. The citizens were  
needlessly destroyed their fine  
bridge crossing the North River,  
when the Federal troops were sup-  
plied with pontoons innumerable.  
Far on in the afternoon a table-  
cloth was strung up on the roof  
of a house and the firing ceased.  
I need not follow the possession  
of the town and the swarms of sol-  
diers seen everywhere. I have of-  
ten thought that the seasons of  
drought, distressing ones in city  
and country, were most common  
during the war. The heavens  
seemed as brass and the earth iron.  
But soldiers and horses can pul-  
verize iron, and at the time of  
which I write heat and dust struck  
terror to the brain, added to a  
hundred confusions. I longed for  
home and ransacked every hope  
that offered. At last I heard of a  
rickety hack to take disabled sol-  
diers somewhere toward Lynch-  
burg, and I felt ready to be con-  
sidered a disabled rebel myself if  
that would afford me a seat in the

shackled affair called a stage. I  
was the only woman, and the  
moon-lit night soon set in as we  
tossed and rocked along the road  
in a country that was so beautiful  
under the stars that my mind was  
much taken off from my lonesome  
situation. The poor, afflicted  
young soldiers were very still and  
not one hummed "Lorena," half-  
sick, wounded and sad they only  
wanted home, which I, too, want-  
ed. We stopped at the Natural  
Bridge and that fortunately had  
not been destroyed, so in the morn-  
ing I ran up to the top of it, a  
regular crossing road, and witness-  
ed there the rising of the great  
sun.

After a roundabout journey I  
was at last favored to reach my  
native city of Richmond, and not  
expected by friends for all com-  
munication had long been cut off.  
I took "my foot in hand" and  
walked the lonely, weary miles out  
in the country. My dear father first  
espied me and came quickly down  
our home hill to greet me. I felt  
like a prodigal returning home.  
It is true, I had not "wasted my  
substance in riotous living" but I  
had known toil and care, fright  
and danger, and was glad as any  
child could be to get back once  
more to my father's house.

A. L. P.

TRAIN YOUR SONS RIGHT.

The editor of a country paper  
interviewed the inhabitants of his  
town recently, and finds that near-  
ly all the successful business men  
were freely threshed when young,  
while among the street loafers 27  
were mama's darlings and the rest  
were raised by their grand moth-  
ers. This quite encouraging to  
the boy who gets his nightly trim-  
ming in the woodshed.—Ex.

There is more than poetry in  
the foregoing. Several times in  
recent years I have said the same  
thing. Only yesterday I suggest-  
ed that it were better for the aver-  
age boy not to be born at all than  
to be born rich. It is just as safe  
to say that the poor boy who is  
babied and petted will grow up  
worthless and good for nothing.  
The new theories may be proven  
all right in time, but the strong,  
sturdy manhood that came up via  
a pretty lively acquaintance with  
the rod and the slipper and an  
abundance of hard work, will be  
pretty hard to improve upon. The  
coming generation may have more  
polish, they may carry a more  
highly developed coat of veneer,  
but the sturdy common sense and  
business honesty that made this  
country great will be hard to keep  
—much less improve upon.

One of the most serious prob-  
lems that confronts a man with a  
family is how to keep his boys in  
line for future usefulness. And  
there is only one safe way. Put  
them to work, keep them at work.  
Tramps grow out of idle hands  
as much as from any other cause.  
Boys want a lot of things which  
most parents can give them and  
which of themselves would do no  
harm. But the best way is to have  
them do something toward earn-  
ing what they want. Help them—  
but do it judiciously. Boys who  
always get what they want at  
home without effort are liable to  
get into a habit of expecting the  
things to come their way without  
doing any thing of moment to  
earn their wages. They go into a  
store to clerk, and always having  
had things easy at home, they are  
horribly at the idea of putting in  
their time doing anything but  
looking handsome and make them-  
selves agreeable. What is the re-  
sult? They stay a little while and  
then move on. Get a new place,  
stay a little while and then move  
again. And thus keep moving.

I know a father of this town who  
sent his son out to do the hardest  
kind of work years ago. He even  
paid part of the boy's wages out  
of his own pocket. The boy did  
not know it, and thought he was  
really earning the money. That  
father was a wise man. He knew  
how to handle boys. He is one of  
our leading men and his son has  
developed into one of our most  
hustling business men. It was a  
good move to throw the young  
man overboard, and make him  
swim out. The father stood by  
with a life preserver in hand to  
help him if help was needed. As  
a result the young man learned to  
depend on himself and is to-day  
a success. While the boys who  
always lean on father, as a rule,  
are never more than common-  
place, and seldom are ever as  
good as that.—D. W. Grandon,  
in Adrian Messenger.